NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

" WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 11—VOL. XVIII. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1806 NO. 897.

CONCEALMENT.

A TALE.

(*Concluded.*)

—

The Earl remained in conference with his lady above an hour, after which Elinor was summoned to appear in the library. She perceived that the Countess had been weeping. The Earl led his daughter to the Countess, saying, "I know the goodness of your heart, my Elinor, too well, to doubt your generous forgiveness of one to whom I'm so closely allied, that it's scarcely possible to attach disgrace to her character without involving myself and son. A few mistaken prejudices have occasioned the Countess to act unjustly by you: she is now deeply concerned for her error, and is ready to make every atonement, by a sincere acknowledgement; and is willing to receive you with the affection and respect due to my daugter." Elinor extending her hand to Lady Fitzmurray, whose cheeks were suffused with a glow of confusion. She embraced our heroine with apparent satisfaction; and immediately retired. "I will now, my dear child," said the Earl, seating Elinor beside him, "unravel to you this domestic mystery. During my minority, I was captivated by the charms of your mother, who was the daughter of a tradesman retired from business upon a decent competence to the village of ——. The ambitious views of my family were well known to me, and I dreaded to disobey. Elinor, fondly attached to me, and uninfluenced by any ambitious motives, consented to a private marriage, which I, in the indiscreet ardour of youth, proposed. For a short time, I enjoyed the most perfect happiness. I waited only to be of age, to acknowledge my lovely wife; and wanted but a twelvemonth of that wished-for day, when Elinor was deprived of a parent she most tenderly loved. The grief this incident caused her, with the anxiety of her mind on my account, occasioned a permature birth of the infant which was to call me father: and in giving you to the world, my Elinor died. I received the dreadful intelligence while attending my father in the north. Morton, who was your mother's confidential servant, dispatched the melancholy tidings to me, and I framed a ready excuse to hasten to the spot, where I paid the last sad offices to my beloved Elinor. As my stay must necessarially be short, and my situation then particulary critical, I consulted with Morton how to dispose of the child. Morton, who had been nursery-maid in several families, undertook to take care of the child, and promised to keep its birth a secret in the village. This I believe she scrupulously performed. Fearing, at length, that the existence of the child would be discovered by some of the prying neighbours, and fearful that her character might be injured thereby, she requested my permission to entrust the care of the child to Dame Morris, who, she assured me, would do it justice, and treat it with maternal attention. The first impression of joy and greif being blunted by dissipation, I assented; and the letter was written which you have just produced. I frequently remitted money for the nurse, of which I now find she was basely defrauded by Morton, in whose honesty I placed too implicit dependance. Being urged by my family to marry the accomplished Miss Manners, and having now no motives for a refusal, our hands were joined; and in the fascinations of my admired wife, I forgot for a time my solicitude concerning my little Elinor. The death of my father leaving me at liberty to act as I wished, I should have sent for you home; but that, just at this critical period, I had the flattering prospect of being presented with a new claimant on my affection; and I feared your introduction just then, would be considered as an intentional slight, which Lady Fitzmurray might be offended at. I recommended Morton to her service; and the longer I delayed revealing the secret to my lady, the stronger my apprehensions grew, that the communication might make her unhappy; in which supposition I was confirmed by the insinuations of the treacherous Morton, who was fearful of my detecting her dishonesty. The birth of a son (a blessing I had anxiouly wished for) filled me with a degree of rapture which made me receive with indiffence the account of your death: a falsehood, fabricated between the artful Morton and my wife, to whom she had betrayed my secret. And now, my dear girl, can you forgive the unkind neglect which has caused you to be so long withheld from your rights?"

"My dear Lord," cried Elinor throwing herself into his arms, "talk not to me of forgiveness; nor think I seek any thing beyond the blessing of a father's affection. Oh, my Lord, I shudder at the horrors in which this fatal concealment might have involved us!" "True my dear," replied the Earl: "mystery is too often attended to with dreadful consequences. Integrity and candour are our best supporters through life. Let the motive be what it will, concealment is hardly to be justified. But we must write to Manners." Elinor turned away her head, and a tear trembled in her eye. "They have abandoned me," said she. "Lionel thinks me mercenary and capricious." "He shall be undeceived," replied the Earl. "Lady Fitzmurray, in her zeal to do you justice, and make amends for her past fault, has confessed that she suppressed your letter to my nephew; and substituted one, in which she represented you as solicitous to be released from your engagements. But you look grave, my Elinor. It was a cruel fraud, I acknowledge, and nothing but the extreme of maternal partiality can justify it: but I have promised that you will forgive it for your father's sake." A request thus tenderly urged, Elinor could not withstand, and accordingly promised that the past should be buried in oblivion; satisfied that Morton should receive her discharge immediately, the only punishment she desired to inflict on her greatest enemy. Rosslin received the account of the recent discovery with astonishment: he was ashamed of the trick he had played, and begged to be sent on his travels as soon as possible. Previous to his departure, he entreated Elinor's pardon for the distress his ungoverned passion had occasioned her; assured her of his fraternal regard; and promised to wait at Deal for Lionel, that he might justify her in his opinion, by a candid recital of every particular. In this he faithfully kept his word. The ship commanded by Captain Manners arrived in a few days; and Lionel wanted little persuasion to believe his Elinor faithful. As soon as they could leave the ship, they hastened to town, accompanied by the exulting Morris, whose honest heart vented itself in rapturous exclamations. Lionel would not hear of his young cousin quitting England on his account, he entreated him to delay his tour till the marriage was performed, which Rosslin with difficulty agreed to; and, animated by the generous friendship of his cousin, he promised to make him the model of his future conduct. Lady Elinor was portioned by her father, and her establishment was such as did honor to the liberality of the Earl. In the splendour of her exhaltation, Lady Elinor forgot not the duties of social life, but presented to the circle in which she was destined to move, a bright pattern of filial piety and conjugal fidelity. Lord Rosslin, abjuring his early errors, conducted himself in a manner which proved him not unworthy of his father's title; and obtained the hand of a lady whose aliance was deemed an honour to the family of Fitzmurray. The worthy Morris was pensioned by the Earl; and remained in the household of his revered lady till his death; and to his last moments, blessed the hour when humanity urged him to protect the deserted orphan.

ALL IS VANITY.

A TALE.

'All is vanity!' exclaimed a venerable man, whose cheeks were furrowed more by grief than age, as he reclined against a tomb stone in one of our church yards. The situation was interesting! The church on a hill; the night hazy; though the moon reflected sufficient to give him a general view of the prospect around: the sea, at a distance on the right hand, neither tempestuous nor calm, washed the beach with its waves. He had long listened to its murmering, his eye fixed steadfastly on the sculptured memento of mortality which supported him: there was a congeniality between its disordered state, and that of his own bosom, which forcibly struck him; and as his eye insensibly reverted to the tomb-stone, he instinctively expressed himself, '*All is vanity.*'

The night rather clearing, induced him to walk farther; he crossed the spot where the encampment had been. War, and its inseparable horrors—the death of the brave, the distraction of the widow; the helplessness of the orphan, the desolation of towns, and the destruction of empires—afforded him ample scope for rumination: till, unconscious of his way, he entered another church yard about a mile from that he had left. The church was ancient; and though service was regularly performed there, in ruins. All was silent! It was a scene to be contemplated only with horror; except by those whom religion had fortified against superstitious prejudice.

He looked around him with a sort of gloomy serenity, for some time; when an object lying on one of the graves attracted his earnest notice. He approached it, and started, on removing a coarse but clean covering, at beholding a child about four years of age, and fast asleep. In an instant his sight was arrested by an emaciated female, whose wild looks sufficiently indicated the disorder of her mind: and who springing from behind the church, ran swiftly to him, and dropped on her knees, in a piercing tone of voice, cried—"O, dont take him from me! then overcome by agitation, immediately fainted. The voice was not unknown to him: stooping to assist her, the moon shining with luster on her face. "Good God!" exclaimed he, "my daughter."

At this instant a poor man and woman, attracted by the cries of the child, who had awakened, came up, "Here she is," cried the man; and the woman snatched the child up into her arms

"What know ye of this young woman? eagerly enquired the almost petrefied father.

"She lived with us, replied the man, about three months: her husband died of the fever, and hes buried in that grave; his death turned her brain, she often used to say, she would put her child to bed with his father."

Here the unhappy lunatic sighed, opened her eyes, and fixing them steadfastly on her supporter, in a moment of recollection, screamed, "my father! pray, pray forgive me!" Then uttering a few incoherent words, she again died away; to revive no more!

He knelt over her for some minuets, in a state of stupefaction, which was succeeded by violent transports of grief; the extreme of which subsiding, he thus, in broken voice addressed the honest pair, who stood motionless with astonishment; "Well may you wonder at the spectacle before you! In me you behold the most wretched of parents—and in her my only child, destroyed by my barbarity. My life has been a general scene of misfortunes; but this girl has been a comfort in the midst of affliction. About five years ago, she contracted an intimacy with a young man, of whom I had received a most depraved, but I since learned a most unjust character—and in contradiction to mine and her mother's express commands, was privately married to him. When she came to ask my blessing, in a paroxysm of grief, rage, and disappointment, I shut my door in her face, and have never since heard of her, till this awful moment." Here he was interrupted by a flood of tears. He continued: where she went to God only knows. Her mother broke her heart within a year after—and I have ever since wandered about, a striking example of parental brutality—reserved by Providence to witness the dreadful effect of my injustice, and pay the last sorrowful tribute to the victim," His voice was here lost in sobs.

The good couple sympathised with him—while their moistened cheeks evinced the sincerity of their hearts. The miserable sire pressed the child to his bosom—"Heaven my little innocent," said he, "has deprived thee of thy mother I will endeavour to supply thee; and by my attention to thee, expiate my cruelty to her."

The husband then beckoned his wife, and raising the corps in his arms, they retired from the grave, with a melancholy pace. The repentant mourner followed, weeping over his grandson—now and then interrupting the awful silence, emphatically exclaiming—"Vanity! vanity! all is vanity!"

REMARK.

A man that keeps riches, and enjoys them not, is like an ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

ALL ALONE.

By the late Mrs. Mary Robinson.

(*Concluded*)

'My father o'er the stormy sea
'To distant lands was borne away,
'And still my mother stay'd with me
'And wept by night and toil'd by day.
'And shall I ever quit the stone
'Where she is left, to sleep alone.

'My father died, and still I found
'My mother fond and kind to me;
'I felt her breast with rapture bound
'When first I prattled on her knee—
'And then she blest my infant tone
'And little thought of yon grave-stone.

'No more her gentle voice I hear,
'No more her smile of fondness see;
'Then wonder not I shed the tear
'She would have DIED to follow me!
'And yet she sleeps beneath yon stone
'And I STILL LIVE—to weep alone.

'The playful kid, she lov'd so well
'From yon high clift was seen to fall;
'I heard, afar, his tink'ling bell—
'Which seem'd in vain for aid to call—
'I heard the harmless suff'rer moan,
'And griev'd that he was left alone.

'Our faithful dog grew mad, and died,
'The lightning smote our cottage low—
'We had no resting-place beside
'And knew not whither we should go—
'For we were poor,—and hearts of stone
'Will never throbb at mis'ry's groan.

'My mother still surviv'd for me,
'She led me to the mountain's brow,
'She watch'd me, while at yonder tree
'I sat, and wove the ozier bough;
'And oft she cried, "fear not, MINE OWN!
'Thou shalt not, BOY, be left ALONE."

'The blast blew strong, the torrent rose
'And bore our shatter'd cot away;
'And, where the clear brook swiftly flows—
'Upon the surf at dawn of day,
'When bright the sun's full lustre shone,
'I wander'd, FRIENDLESS—and ALONE!'

Thou art not, boy, for I have seen
Thy tiny footsteps print the dew,
And while the morning sky serene
Spread o'er the hill a yellow hue,
I heard thy sad and plaintive moan,
Beside the cold sepulchral stone.

And when the summer noontide hours
With scorching rays the landscape spread,
I mark'd thee, weaving fragrant flow'rs
To deck thy mother's silent bed!
Nor, at the church-yard's simple stone,
Wert, thou, poor Urchin, left alone.

I follow'd thee, along the dale
And up the woodland's shad'wy way:
I heard thee tell thy mournful tale
As slowly sunk the star of day:
Nor, when its twinkling light had flown,
Wert thou a wand'rer, all alone.

'O! yes, I was! and still shall be
'A wand'rer, mourning and forlorn;
'For what is all the world to me—
'What are the dews and buds of morn?
'Since she, who left me sad, alone
'In darkness sleeps, beneath yon stone!

'No brother's tear shall fall for me,
'For I no brother ever knew;
'No friend shall weep my destiny
'For *friends* are scarce, and *tears* are few;
'None do *I* see, save on this stone
'Where I will stay, and weep alone!

'My Father never will return,
'He rests beneath the sea green wave;
'I have no kindred left, to mourn
'When I am hid in yonder grave!
'*Not one!* to dress with flow'rs the stone;—
'*Then—surely*, I AM LEFT ALONE!'

COMPARATIVE VIEW OF THE RICH & POOR.

The rich have the most meat, the poor the best appetite. The rich lie softest—the poor sleep soundest The rich have delicacies—the poor have health. The rich are afraid of losses—the poor have nothing to lose, and so, in this respect, have nothing to fear. The rich dread the midnight robber—the poor have no apprehensions of being robbed. The rich sometimes hang themselves through fear of poverty—the poor (such as have always been poor) laugh, and dance, and sing, and love their lives too well to put their necks into the noose.

CHARLES II.

After the death of Charles II. fanaticism was so high in England, that their was an order of the privy council, 'that no beer should be brewed on a Saturday.' This very singular order being the subject of conversation at Brussels, where the King then was—one of the courtiers wondered what they could mean by it; when Charles quickly replied, "You may depend on it, the reason why they will not suffer beer to be brewed on Saturday, *is* for fear it should *work* on Sunday."

EXTRACTS.

"Two men belonging to the Virginia rifle regiment a large division of which was quartered in the town of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, during the war, had such a dependance on each other's dexterity, that the one would hold a piece of board, not more than nine inches square, between his knees, whilst the other shot at it with a ball at the distance of one hundred paces. This they used to do alternately, for the amusement of the town's people, as often as called upon. Numbers of people in Lancaster can vouch for the truth of this fact.

Weld's Travel. 1795 '97.

"A book may be amusing with numerous errors, or it may be very dull without a single absurdity.—"I was ever of opinion that the honest man who married and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, chose my wife as she did her wedding gound, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well.'

Vicar of Wakefield.

ANECDOTES.

In the year 1796, a Dutchman of profound ignorance but consumed vanity, and very penurious, had for a long time been in want of something with which to make under clothes; brown Hollands waistcoat and breeches were his usual wear in the summer. On looking over the news-paper, he luckily cast his eyes upon the words *Brown Stout for sale.*—"Och mine Got in himmel, das is the sthuff for mine preeches, it ish bettern ash eberlashting." Off the wise acre goes to town, and at the store enquires for Brown Stout. "We don't sell less than a cask, but you may have a hogshead if yon want it," replied the merchant. "Cask! hogshead! sare, I want some Brown Stout to make mine preeches," "Breches, sir! of *Hibbert's* Brown Stout, sir! why Brown Stout is to drink sir, not to wear! It is the Latin for Bread and cheese, and a synomme to beef steaks; it is excellent for the inside of the body, but does not answer so well for the out." All astonishment Mynheer licked his lips at the mention of such favoury dainties, but knitted his brows and drew his forehead into wrinkles, at the insult which he supposed the merchant had offered him, and left the store in dudgeon to seek elsewhere *Brown Stout Breeches.*

A Country fellow, who lived in London three years, when he went home a friend asked him if he saw Whitehall? No, says he. Nor the tower?—No. Strange! what could be the reason of it? Why truly, says he, 'squire Akerman, the keeper of Newgate was so cross a fellow, he would not let me out to see any thing.

CUSTOM OF THE TARTARS.

"Neither the men nor the women wear shift except such as have been baptized and those but few. They never wash, and if you reproach them for their filthiness, they only reply.——'Their ancestors lived in the same manner. When they go to sleep or lounge in their huts, they place themselves round the fire which is in the center of the hut, and lie with their legs and arms twisted together in such a manner, that, by turning alternately, they come as regularly to the fire as a piece of roast meat."

FROM THE FARMER'S CABINET.

"Loud scolding is the reverse of weighty reasoning. It is the dying groans of good government."

I NEVER knew a scolding person, that was able to govern a family.——What makes people scold? Because they cannot govern themselves. How then can they govern others?——Mark well, as you may—*Those who govern well are generally calm.* They are prompt and resolute but steady and mild.

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 26, 1806.

The following melancholy article is copied from the Pennsylvania Correspondent, printed at Doylestown, in Bucks County Pennsylvania.

News of murders and robberies, generally excites a greater degree of interest, than information of any other kind. Intelligence is circulating in this neighborhood, of which the following is the substance.—Its authenticity is not sworn to; but should it prove to have been a melancholy reality, the public shall hear more about it.

A man living on or near the Dry Lands, who had to pay the sum of 800l. about the first of April, called on his neighbour who kept a public house, informed him of the payment he had to make, and observed, he had the whole amount, at his own house, except 15l. which he wished to loan for a few weeks; the landlord very cheerfully agreed to lend the sum required, stating that he had it not in possession, but expected to go abroad the next day to collect the money, and would return in the evening when his neighbour might call and receive the sum wanted. With the joy which an honest man derives from the expectation of being able to fulfill his contracts, did the neighbour call at the time appointed; the landlord had not returned; he therefore waited contentedly, every moment expecting him to come in;—at the request of the landlady, he concluded to retire to bed, and if asleep, at the return of her husband, he was to be called up; it being late he soon fell asleep—but had not slept long before his slumbers were disturbed by terrific dreams, he awoke his bed-fellow, (a pedlar who had taken his lodgings there for that night only) and informed him he had dreamed his house was on fire, and his wife and children enveloped in the flames. The pedlar intreated him to lie down and quiet his apprehensions; but expostulations are unavailing to a man whose imagination is disordered from the idea that his family are in imminent danger. He would go home, and the pedlar feeling interested in the interpretation of the dream, agreed to accompany him; taking along a pair of excellent pistols with him, well loaded.—The night was dark, and as they approached the house, a bright light excited new and strong suspicions. Each taking a pistol, they cautiously approached the lighted window, where with astonishment they beheld three men with blackened faces, counting money at a table; each of the spectators singled out his man, and two of the midnight plunderers fell lifeless on the floor; the third was met at the door, but conscious guilt had unnerved his arm—he was soon dispatched.—Reader—'if you have tears to shed prepare to shed them now.'—The agitated husband went into his bed-chamber, where the wife of his bosom, and three young children were weltering in blood, and closing their eyes in death, having been inhumanly butchered in the unsuspecting moments of sleep, by the three persons above mentioned—My informant could not give the names of the parties, but states, that on washing the blackened faces of the deceased robbers, they proved to be near neighbors of the owner of the house, and were intimate family connections.

The British ship of war Leander, of 50 guns; the frigate Cambrian; and the Driver sloop of war are all cruizing off Sandy Hook, and brought to and boarded every vessel that went out of the Hook yesterday; amongst which was the brig Comet, capt Center, for Naples, which the Driver had in her possession last evening at sunset, having brought her to 8 hours before.

Captain James Barron is appointed Commodore of the American squadron in the Mediterranean—and Stephen Decatur, jun. to command the frigate Chesapeake, ordered on that service.

A young man, named Lecompte was on Wednesday arrested at a brooker's office in the city of Baltimore, where he presented for discount two notes with different names as drawers but with the same endorser on both—and likewise a check dated the 19th inst. the name completely corresponding with that attched as drawer, of the notes—It seems, some days past, a note for 640 dollars were received in the same office and discounted; it had been discovered to be a forgery; but the broker could not particularly describe the person from which it was received; fortunately, however, when Lecompte, incautiously offered the notes on Wednesday, it was observed they had as indorser, the same name which was on the one which had proved to be a forgery; this created suspicion. He was asked respecting the other note, and he acknowledged he had presented it. An officer was sent for, and he was taken before a magistrate. The first note he declared he had written, entire: and we learn he made the same acknowledgment as to the other notes and check. The penmanship is handsomely executed, and the names are considered complete imitations. *Mer. Ad.*

A wild man was lately discovered in Greenwich Park (Jamaica) in the deepest recesses of the wood, where he had erected a hut for his residence, and appeared to have lived upon the spontaneous productions of the earth, he was almost naked; his beard had attained the utmost point of its growth; his feet and hands were callous as leather; his skin was discoloured with filth; and altogether he exhibited humilating object that monkish debasity could furnish. After he was first discovered a party went in pursuit of him, on their approach he fled into the woods, but was soon overtaken and secured—at first he affected dumbness, but afterwards the following particulas was obtained from him:—His name is Charles Martin, is an Italian, born at Florence, thinks he has been two or three years in the woods; he entered them at Port Maria (thirty miles distant from this place;) in that time never saw a white face nor a human habitation; had enjoyed perfect health. When he was asked why he abandoned society, he shrugged his shoulders, and lifted up his hands as if in the act of adoration. When a cordial was given to him he was cautioned not to drink much, as excess would kill him;—He replied, "DEATH TO ME IS WELCOME!" He was clothed, fed, and encouraged, and finally conducted to the hospital: His intellects appear to be sound, although he speaks with great reluctuance: He is well made, has blue eyes, is in stature about five feet eight inches. His hut is fashioned much like an Indian wigwam, and he has contrived a subterraneous kitchen with great ingenuity: His habitation was surrounded with springs to catch birds, one of which he had prepared for his breakfast. He had displayed talents in fabricating divers sorts of baskets; and what is strange, no iron, not even a knife was found in his possession.

Ev. Fire Side.

COURT OF HYMEN.

THROUGH every season of your life,
May peace and heart's content be thine;
May you ne'er know domestic strife,
And may affection ne'er decline.

MARRIED,

On Saturday evening last, by the Rev. Bishop Moor, Henry H. Sheffelin Esq. to Miss Maria Thirisa Bradhurst, eldest daughter of Dr. Samuel Bradhurst, all of this city.

On Wednesday the 23d inst. by the Rev. John Williams, Mr. William Hewitt merchant, to Miss Sarah Cauldwell, eldest daughter of Mr. John Cauldwell, all of this city.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Stanford, Mr. M. Bennet, of Philadelphia, to Miss Elizabeth Hagstaff, daughter of Captain Lodowick Hagstaff, of this city.

On Sunday morning, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Thomas Gillespie, to Miss Denning, daughter of Wm Denning Esq.

At Plattsburgh by Elisha Ransom Esq. Mr. Halstead Price, of this city, to Miss Almy Green, daughter of Mr. Israel Green, formerly of Poughkepsie.

At Poughkepsie, by the Rev. Mr. Brower, Mr Jacob Moncieus, merchant of the city of Albany, to Miss Jane Ann Barber, daughter of the late Col. William Barber.

At Philadelphia, Mr. Thomas Callender to Miss Eliza Bella Wilcox.

MORTALITY.

GREAT Heaven is just, and only claims the loan
It granted to your comfort for a time;
It gave—and now but takes again its own,
And none but Heaven should dare appoint the time.

DIED,

On Sunday evening, Mr. William Tillford of this city, grocer.

Suddenly, on Sunday morning, Mrs. Mary Hopper, an old and respectable inhabitant of this city.

On Monday morning, after a lingering illness, Mr. Daniel Tooker, jun. in the 36th year of his age.

On Tuesday evening, Mr. Benjamin Moore, of the firm of Benjamin I. Moore & Co.

On Wednesday morning, after a short but painful illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. Eunice Pearl, wife of David Pearl.

At Philadelphia, Mr. John Phillips, a respectable merchant.

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Jan. 4, 1806. 861—tf.

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE SAILOR'S ADIEU.

WHENCE comes this keen, this cutting smart?
Why doth the tear unbidden start?
Why beats my sad, my sinking heart—
Thus heavily?
ELIZA—'tis because I part—
My life!—from thee.

Tost on the rude and foaming wave,
O'er which the howling tempest rave,
In distant climes I go to brave
The furious sea—
My doom—perhaps—a watery grave,
Far—far from thee.

Yet not the angry ocean's roar,
Nor rocks that skirt the fatal shore—
And stained with shipwrecked seamen's gore—
Could make me fear:
No, 'tis thy loss I now deplore,
With briny tear.

Oh! say, thou all on earth I prize!
Wilt thou my absence mourn with sighs;
And heaven invoke, with up-lift eyes,
To speed my way?
Wilt thou!—But see the signal flies!
I must not stay.

By storms that sweep the deep abyss—
By plighted vows—by all our bliss—
By this embrace—and this—and this—
Dear maid! be true!—
Remember Love's last parting kiss!
Adieu! Adieu!!!

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE AND TIME.

An ancient man, 'ycleped time,
Fatigued with journeying many a clime,
A cupid chanc'd to spy;
"Stop!" cried the sage, "thou flutt'rer gay,
I too have wings, then teach, I pray,
Thy art, that *time may fly*."

Love smile's assent; and hand in hand
They skim like lightning o'er the land,
When love was heard to cry,
"Behold, ye nymphs, who sportive tread
The verdent lawn and mountain-head,
With Love how Time may fly."

But cupid's force was quickly spent,
So time his arm the urchin lent,
To bear him still on high;
"And see," he cried ye nymphs below,
What haply ye one day must know,
With Time how Love may fly."

TRANSLATION.

As a rose, one fatal hour,
Fondly I carest;
Quick, its thorn the charming flower,
Lodg'd within my breast:
From that kiss, what heart-felt woes
Now my bosom move:
You, my Phillis, are the rose,
And the thorn is love.

Each remembrance of my life,
But augments the wound;
I'll no more repeat the kiss,
Since so poignant found;
Phillis, to this cruel rose,
Take the kiss again:
Or to give my heart repose,
Come and break its chain.

Deadly is the piercing shot;
Once this thorny care
Wounded Venus in the foot,
Love reliev'd the fair:
In that softer place, my heart,
I the wound endure;
But you, Phillis, can impart,
If you please—the cure.

MR. TURNER,

INFORMS his friends and the public, that he has removed from No. 15 Park, to No. 71 Nassau-street—where he practises PHYSIC, and the profession of SURGEON DENTIST. He fits Artificial Teeth, upon such principles that they are not merely ornamental, but answer the desirable purposes of nature; and so neat in appearance that they cannot be discovered from the most natural. His method also of Cleaning the Teeth is generally approved, and allowed to add every possible elegance to the finest set without incurring the slightest pain, or injury to the enamel. In the most raging tooth ach, his Tincture has rarely proved ineffectual, but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting carious Teeth upon the most improved CHIRURGICAL principles, is attended with infinite ease and safety.

Mr. TURNER will wait on any Lady or Gentleman at their respective houses, or may be consulted at No. 71 Nassau-street, where may be had his ANTISCORBUTIC TOOTH-POWDER, an innocent and valuable preparation of his own, from Chimical knowledge. It has been considerably esteemed the last ten years, and many medical characters both use and recommend it, as by the daily application, the teeth become beautifully white, the gums are braced and assume a firm and natural healthful red appearance, the loosened teeth are rendered fast in their sockets, the breath imparts a delectable sweetness, and that destructive accumulation of Tartar, together with decay and tooth ach prevented.

The Tincture and Powder may likewise be had at G. & R. Waite's Book-Store, No. 64 Maiden-Lane.

July 13, 1805. 861 tf.

WILLIAM GRIFFITH,

SILK, COTTON, & WOOLEN DYER, & CALICO GLAZIER, No. 56 Beaver-street, four doors from William-street.

Cleans and Dyes all kinds of Silks and Sattins, all kinds of damaged Goods, and finished with neatness: all kinds of gentlemen's Clothes, Silk Stockings and Camelhair Shawls cleaned and calendered. He has also erected a hot Callender. All commands will be thankfully received, executed on the shortest notice, and on the lowest terms. ☞ Entrance to the Dyers at the gate.

N. B. Carpets scoured and dyed, Bed furniture cleaned and callendered, and Blankets scoured. Best standing BLUE upon Cotton and Linen; Dyers stuffs for sale.

June 1, 1805. 856, 1y.

THE ENGLISH NUN.

Just Published, and For Sale at this Office,

A New and entertaining Novel,

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THE ENGLISH NUN;

OR THE

SORROWS OF EDWARD & LOUISA

With a handsome frontispiece.

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Mountaineers, West Indian, False Shame, Folly as it Flies, Edwin & Angelina, Way to get Married, Count of Burgundy, Sighs of the Daughter, Love's Frailties, Deserted Daughter, Stranger, Self Immolation, Widow of Malabar, Jew, or Benevolent Hebrew, Rural Felicity, Tell Truth & Shame the Devil, Preservation, or the Hovel on the Rock, Father, or American Shandy-ism. &c. &c. &c.

FILES,

OF THE WEEKLY MUSEUM, FOR

1805,

Neatly Bound; For Sale at this Office.

A large supply of Walkden's best British INK-POWDER. for sale at this office.

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FOR THE YEAR 1806,

For Sale at this Office.

N. SMITH.

Chymical Perfumer from London, at the New-York Hair Powder and Perfume Manufactory, (the Golden Rose) No. 114 Broad Way opposite the City Hotel.

Smith's purified Chymical Cosmetic Wash Ball, far superior to any other, for softening, beautifying, and preserving the skin from chopping, with an agreeable perfume, 4 & 8s. each.

Smith's Chymical Abstergent Lotion, for whitening and preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.

Gentlemen's Morocco Pouches for travelling, that adds all the shaving apparatus complete in a small compass.

Odours of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 2s. per square.

Smith's Improved Chymical Milk of Roses so well known for clearing the skin from scurf, pimples, redness or sunburns: has not its equal for preserving the skin to extreme old age, and is very fine for gentlemen after shaving, with printed directions, 6s. 8. & 12s. per bottle, or 3 dolls. per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Grasse, for thickening the hair, and keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 4s. and 8s. per pot.

His Superfine white Hair Powder, 1s. 6d. per lb.

Violet, double scented Rose, 2s. 6d.

Smith's Savoynette Royal Paste, for washing the skin, making it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above, with directions, 4s. & 8s. per pot, do. paste.

Smith's Chymical Dentrifice Tooth Powder, for the Teeth and Gums; warranted—2s. and 4s. per box.

Smith's Vegetable Rouge, for giving a natural colour to the complexion; likewise his Vegetable or Pearl Cosmetic, immediately whitening the skin.

All kinds of sweet scented Waters and Essences, with every article necessary for the Toilet, warranted.

Smith's Chymical Blacking Cakes. Almond Powder for the skin, 8s. per lb.

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His purified Alpine Shaving Cake, made on Chymical principles to help the operation of shaving.

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Ladies silk Braces, do. Elastic worsted and cotton Garters.

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☞ Great allowance to those who buy to sell again.

January 5, 1806. 853. 1y.

REMOVAL.

PETER STUYVERSANT Jun. *Ladies Shoemaker*, has removed his Store from No. 141 to No. 115 William-street, the house lately occupied by Mr. Thomas Fradgely. Peter Stuyversant jun. returns his grateful acknowledgements to his friends and the public, for their past Patronage, and humbly solicits a continuance of their favors, to merit which, no endeavors shall be wanting: at the same time he begs leave to inform them, that he has recieved by the late arrivals from London, a large and fashionable assortment of Fancy Leather, for Ladies Shoes, all kinds of Kid and Morroccos.

N. B. Merchants and others may be supplied with shoes suitable for the Southern and West India markets, at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms.

Decr. 28, 1805. 880.

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History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafers, Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket-Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

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